UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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PARTNERS.

Who digs a well, or plants a seed,
A sacred pact he keeps with sun and sod:
With these he helps refresh and feed
The world, and enters partnership with God.

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

An English exchange calls "little Wales still one of the most maliciously bigoted countries in the world." We fear this is true, but there are many applicants for second position in the line.

Our agricultural exchanges are full of seed advertisements and planting advices. But this is the time, also, to remember the pests and prepare for the protection of the tender plants when they appear. The pests are getting ready. Let them be anticipated. There is a deal more good planting in both the physical and spiritual fields than there is good nurture after the planting.

The Farm and Fireside has an illustrated article showing a new use for an old car, arguing that an ordinary 40 horse power auto, when properly adjusted to the new reducing gear system, can pull four fourteen-inch plows through hard ground, can run a threshing machine, pump, shell corn, or drag a couple of heavily loaded trailers to market. Surely this is hitching something better than Pegasus to a plow.

An English exchange hopes that England will take advantage of the presence of the Belgian exiles, who will acquaint them with the skill of Belgian women in cooking, particularly in making palatable vegetable soups. Classes for the teaching of this method by the Belgian refugees are being organized in London. The same paper tells us that 10,000 copies of a little booklet, issued by the National Food Reform Association on "Economical Dishes for Workers," have been sold.

Our esteemed exchange, *The Inquirer,* published in London, thinks that the "voluntary abstinence" of the King and Lord Kitchener in their own households "will go a long way to make abstinence fashionable," but it concludes also that there are large sections of English society which will be affected very little by example in high places. Voluntaryism alone will not solve the difficulty. Drastic legislation in the interest of sobriety in England, as in America, is necessary when there is public sentiment that is equal to the enforcement of the same.

The Christian Life says that the "chief need of the various religious denominations in England today is the need of more teachers for their Sunday Schools. Even the established Church has a decline of twenty thousand Sunday scholars as compared with two years ago. This deficiency is accounted for by the absence of so many male teachers on the firing line." At this distance this confession suggests the more profound need that lies farther back. If the need of the denominations is to be interpreted in the terms of religion and humanity, the need is to keep the men off the firing line. Alas for the Christianity that justifies the wholesale slaughter of men on the plea of patriotism or justice, freedom or progress. England, like all the other countries, has a vast population of half-made Christians, of unfinished saints, of impious piety, those who have not yet heard the Master's command, "Peter, put up thy sword," or have not yet taken to heart the triumphs on Calvary.

Nothing is more significant than the fact that the religious papers, and the religious men writing for them, in the countries at present involved in war, give much more attention to the proposition that their country is right, than to the more fundamental proposition that war is wrong. True neutrality can only be maintained by him who regards all war and warlike methods as wrong. Innocent men are killing and being killed and no righteous cause is being promoted thereby. The conqueror will suffer more than the conquered if this war is to be solved by conquest. The beatitudes of peace hold in the face of all the one-sided and blind-eyed patriotism. "It is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for they shall be filled." The differences between Germany and England, France and Russia are skin deep. They pertain to matters of trade, methods of commerce and variety of speech and difference in their way of pronouncing great names, which all profess to revere. They differ in phrasing the great truths which all affect to love. Oh, how unreligious is this religious endorsement of the unholy strife, the preparation for which is the matter of half a century. The question as to who dropped the match into the powder barrel may be a difficult one to decide. It will never be

answered to the satisfaction of all parties concerned; but that is a trifling incident in the wicked drama. Everybody knows the parties that for the last forty years diligently devoted themselves to the filling of the powder barrel without a lid. Without this open barrel the European explosion would have been impossible.

Education for March contains the last of a series of articles from the pen of our friend and whilom associate editor of UNITY, Dr. Frederick W. Sanders, now of Los Angeles, California, on "The Organization of Education." The title, perhaps, would be more suggestive if it were called "The Re-organization of Education." Doctor Sanders has gone deeply into the subject and has developed a system which permits a more elastic adaptation to the individual needs of the pupils, taking special note of both the child of slow development and the child of exceptionally rapid growth, as well as the child who from illness or other causes has been kept out of school and consequently becomes unclassified. Doctor Sanders' scheme cannot be explained in an editorial note, but there is need of much initiative work in this direction. There can be no doubt that the analytic tendency in our American schools, the grading and classifying, has grown to be a tyranny and threatens to defeat the ends for which schools are established. Large eliminations of unimportant things from the schools are in order. The eight grades in grammar school, each demanding a year, four years in high school, four years in college, and three years in professional schools takes nineteen years out of the life of the individual. Does it take so much time to get the mind fairly at its life-work, or does it so "finish" many thousands of minds annually that the real opportunities of education, the joy of acquisition, the inspiration of research, the expansion that follows a life-long habit of study, are destroyed forever? We hope that Doctor Sanders' work will be put into permanent form, that the would-be educators of America may have an opportunity to test his methods, at least to face the perplexities. It would be an unspeakable reproach to the schoolmasters of the United States, if, before the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century, the changes in the public school methods do not amount to a revolution. Give the children the benefit of the inspirations of large blocks of ignorance; put into their possession a hunger for information not satisfied; put them in the way of absorbing knowledge and acquiring wisdom by the way. Much of what now is forced into the minds by years of listless drilling should be grasped by months of enjoyable growth.

A Preacher on the Farm

No matter how much his seven years may have tanned his face or hardened his muscle, no matter how he may parade himself in overalls, "Brother Judy" is still the preacher, as the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May entitled "From the Study to the Farm; a personal experience by Arthur Markley Judy," fully establishes. It is the same analytic mind, the same ethical directness, the same relentless hewing to the lines of logic, and the same uncompromising loyalty to an argument that many of us had become accustomed to in the whilom minister of the Unitarian Church of Davenport, Iowa.

The editor of UNITY has served a longer apprenticeship on the farm than the Essayist in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and he is prepared to endorse everything therein claimed for the farm. But it goes without saying, as indeed the essayist frankly admits, that an Iowa farm will respond along the high lines indicated only to a preacher in jeans; one who carries to the barnyard the trained mind of the study and who is able to gather more ideas than pumpkins between his corn rows.

But on this very account the study of Mr. Judy is worthy of close reading. It is fraught with a wisdom not found in books and reveals an experience which cannot be obtained between the horns of a plow.

He has stated none too forcibly the grim side of the farmer's experience, the small comparative returns in wages, the ever impoverishing of the soil, the slow but sure trend of even the rich fields of the Mississippi Valley into barrenness, spite of anything yet realized from the academic warnings and scientific prescriptions. But it is still true that the farming class, at least in the United States, is farther removed from penury, even from pinching economy, than any other working class. The wages of even the prosperous farmer are ridiculously low compared with that of a skilled laborer in the city; but it is uninterrupted by strikes, and undisturbed by the competitions, the social exactions, the fluctuating values and high taxes of the city. So there still remain great compensations in the farmer's life.

But these considerations urged in Mr. Judy's essay are common-places in economic and agricultural literature. There is something far more fundamental in this discussion which can only be discovered by reading closely between the lines. Mr. Judy reaches deep into the educational problem. It is a far cry from this *Atlantic* essayist to the articles on education by Dr. Frederick W. Sanders, alluded to in another editorial note, but they are both staggering under the same difficulties, perhaps floundering in the same twilight, but groping toward the same light. Our pres-

ent system of schooling is breaking down. It has been so perfected as to develop to a clearness its imperfections. It is so good that it must be made better in order to be endurable. Mr. Judy strikes deep when he says:

> Specialization has been wofully overdone. That is one of the clearest convictions to which we have been led by our farm experience.

And again:

> My intellectual labors have been both curtailed and warped by the one-sided life which society has forced upon me.

And still again:

> Much, for instance, as our farming class needs vocational training, they need far more cultural training.

Mr. Judy has looked beyond the superficial cry of the city weary, "Back to the country!" The real cry of civilization is:

> Back to your share of the tasks you are learning to shun or to stigmatize; back to the toils which harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, make firm the will, beget courage and hardihood, and develop a common life between you and the plain people.

It was not on the farm the essayist found those over-educated in books, the over-supplied with luxuries, the over-driven with society, constituting the nervous wrecks. The perfect life of man, the whole life he finds to consist in the blending of thought and labor, "labor trained to think, and thought trained by labor."

Much has been written and well written in these days about agricultural schools; those sections of the State universities, in the West particularly, have been highly developed. They are the just pride and to a degree the hope of America; but they begin their work too late. The intellectual habits and the scholastic ambitions of the child have already been formed on other lines. The agricultural education should be begun, not in the University, but in the primary grades, and the academic side of it might well be nearly through by the time the child has finished the eighth grade, and the technical side of it could largely be acquired during the high school age, except for the small proportion of those who win the university and seek higher specialization. There have been schools on the farm, girls' and boys' schools that boast of country surroundings; manual training has been exploited in up-to-date curricula of secondary schools, but nowhere has there been a school in which the soil, the garden, the farm, the barnyard, the pasture and the forest have had fundamental pedagogical values. The real farm school is yet to be developed, where farming is not a decorative accessory, but where it offers essential work, real work such as brought to the essayist what he calls "hardness, or hardiness, or hardihood." Such as will "make golf, tennis, walking, even mountain climbing seem laughable" as means of physical invigoration.

In conclusion we salute our brother preacher, made the more preacher, made the better preacher, by his seven years' experience on the farm. We wish that he and his good wife, now truly educated, would convert that Iowa farm into a working farm school on lines more radical than have ever yet been undertaken. There is no better opening for the heroic, independent and progressive pedagogue than along the lines of establishing the true education, which is scarcely possible without more or less of a farm equipment. It need not be big but it must be a real farm. There must be work that brings sweat, that hardens hands that whets appetites, and the Pauline mandate must be a fundamental exaction of this school: "If any will not work, neither let him eat."

A Case in Point

"Four months ago," says the Chief, "a man knocked at the door of the manager's home. 'Are you with the Ford Motor Company?' he asked, 'and do you suppose I could get a job?'

"'Well, I don't know who you are,' said the manager.

"'I am the worst man in Detroit,' replied his strange visitor. 'I am 54 years old, and 32 years of those 54 I have spent in Jackson prison. Everybody knows I am a bad actor and I can't get a job. If I can't get one with the Ford company, I am going back to Jackson. There is a man I want to 'get' and I'll get him with this.' 'This' was a dangerous looking blackjack. 'The only person that ever played me true,' went on the ex-convict, 'is my wife, but I am not going to have her doing washing to take care of me.'

"He was put in the shop and for a month and a half his work was of a mediocre type. Then we wrote him a letter, telling him to take a brace and that we thought he had good stuff in him.

"Next morning he came in with his wife, and he was so broken up he could hardly speak. 'That's the first decent thing, outside of what my wife has done, that I've ever had happen to me,' he said. 'And I'll serve you and stick to you and work my hands off. Show me how I can work better.'

"Two months ago he came into the office with his pay envelope in one hand, and in the other a roll of bills.

"'Say, Pal,' he grinned, 'will you tell me how I can get into a bank and leave this? I am perfectly wise how to get in, after they are closed up, and take it out.'

"That man has made his first payment on a home, and he is living as good and clean a life as any man in Detroit today.

"The Ford Motor Company has 68 men in its employ that have come from that institution after serving lesser sentences."—*Detroit Employment News.*

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

III.

Paul the Planter

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Into the solemnities of life we would bring ourselves this morning by turning our eyes inward, discovering within our own souls the hunger for perfection, the thirst for righteousness, the prayer for peace. Father, we would come into the sanctities this morning, into the conscious presence of one another. May the contact of life with life, and heart with heart strengthen our higher nature, quicken our finer impulses, deepen our faith in Thee.

And we would be ushered into the solemnities this morning, Father, by thinking of the brave and the true who in times past have triumphed over difficulties. Help us to find ourselves in communion with those who have believed in truth as the supreme quest, in Thee as the ultimate love. Make us better citizens, Father, of this city and this land by making us better citizens of the world. Grant that we may climb into that virtue that knows no race, or clan, or creed. Grant, Father, that our worship this morning may lift us above the prejudices of nations and the unholy strife of Kings. Hasten the day, O Father, through our thought and our words when man no longer will prey upon the hearthstone sanctities, when the altar of mother love may not be desecrated by cannon and by bayonet. Hasten the day, O Father, when the brutal in man will be retired and the angel of peace and love, which is now, even now, the most potent, will triumph throughout the world. Amen.

SERMON.

I have come to the study of Paul this morning. The very majesty and immeasurableness of the subject humbles the speaker and prepares the listener with modest expectancy. Paul was a foreign born and foreign bred Jew, a Roman citizen by birthright, a man who in spite of his scholastic and his missionary enthusiasm never severed himself from the working world, ever working at his trade or plying the traffic of his father, that of a tent maker or a cloth merchant, as befitted a man of Cilicia, famous for its long-wool sheep. He was raised in the strictest of sects at the feet of Gamaliel, the great teacher. He arrived at manhood firm in the faith and zealous for it. Then crossed his path this new movement which disturbed his strong soul with apprehension. He was stirred with resentment at the audacity of a movement that seemed to belittle the sanctities of his people, to discount the power of his inheritance. In my last sermon, we found this young Pharisee of the Pharisees holding the coat of those who threw the first stone at the first martyr of Christianity. And like the first blood in the meadow which maddens all the bullocks, this first martyrdom aroused the fierce opposition of what, heretofore, was latent distrust, and this man Saul joined the persecuting host. He penetrated the homes, he haled forth the victims to court and, his zeal growing strong on what it fed upon, asked for a special commission to go to far off Damascus to further suppress this heresy. On that long road of a hundred and fifty miles, across deserts and through benignant shades, up mountain sides and down meandering valleys, something happened. Something profound, as often happens to profound souls. Victor Hugo has well said that Paul's road to Damascus is the road upon which all great souls pass; not only all great souls, but great movements, great nations. That radiant face of the young martyr, that patient endurance, that triumphant death had something to do with it. But there came that better thought, that transforming experience, be what it may, which converted the persecutor into an apostle to the persecuting host.

Again, touched with the greatness that belongs to great souls, he retires. For three or more years he is in communion with his own mind and heart and nature. He is reorganizing his life on new lines, and when he appears for a few days in the already ancient and sacred city, he is furnished with his life program and equipped with his life message. He calls upon some of the disciples, but does not seem to have much interest in them and does not seem to have made much impression upon them. He disappears again and for eleven years plies his trade in his home town of Tarsus.

Meanwhile the new movement is growing, is struggling with the fetters that fain would bind upon the new message some of the toils of the old inheritance. Those ambitious for Jewish glory and Jewish power claim this new movement, and say: "Whatever the message may be it is our message, and whoever the apostles may be they are our apostles, and we Jews must not be robbed of our heritage."

The struggle waxed hot in far away Antioch. A young Greek, who feels the power of the new message but does not confess the binding power of the old traditions, goes over to Tarsus and asks this tent-maker to come over and help them settle this question, to preach to the new church in Antioch, to help it to free itself from Jewish fetters; and he goes. In round numbers, twenty years or more after the Nazarene gave up his life on Calvary this missionary began his prodigious work, the unparalleled campaigning that ended only with his life. Away off in Rome he disappears with no account of his death. Indications are that he was still a prisoner, comforting his jailors, inspiring his guards, perhaps falling into the persecuting hands of Nero.

Three journeys are tolerably clearly discovered between the lines of his own letters and the imperfect and inadequate record in the Book of Acts; three great missionary campaigns with the final long, long voyage which landed him in Rome, on his way, as he hoped, to Spain, for his spirit already thirsted for new conquests. It is safe to say that the accredited travels of Paul would mount up somewhere near ten thousand miles; ten thousand miles without steam cars or steamships, without automobiles, often without roads. Twice at least he traveled the whole length of that formidable Asia Minor which is still a difficult and dangerous route, which only the most heroic undertake.

I read you his own epitome of his dangers and his trials, his floggings, his imprisonments, his stonings and shipwrecks; and still all the way through was the undaunted spirit that placed Christianity in history for all time. He has preserved to this day the names of Perga, Phrygia, Thyatira and Pisidia, Ephesus and the rest. Most of them would otherwise have passed out of history. Think of it! A thousand years after Homer sang the story of Troy the vision of the man in Macedonia appeared to him, saying, "Come over

and help us." Four hundred and eighty or five hundred years before that the great Xerxes led his mighty army of Persians to the same spot with the purpose of carrying Asiatic culture and Asiatic power into barbaric Europe. Perhaps eighty or ninety years after that Xenophon led his ten thousand men, glowingly described in his Anabasis, trying to carry Greek culture into Asiatic realms. Three hundred and thirty years before Paul, the great Alexander led his Macedonian hosts eastward, hoping to conquer the world to Greek art and Greek culture, and he reached well nigh to the farthest boundary of the then known world. The story says he wept for other realms to conquer.

In 55 or 56 A. D. appears a lone, little man, as he himself estimated, of halting speech, more gifted in writing than in speaking, afflicted with a thorn in the flesh, which has been variously guessed by scholars as anything from epilepsy to a severe case of sore eyes. This little, insignificant, crippled hunchback, bold hearted little Jew, unarmed and unattended by but one or two faithful followers, takes ship, crosses the Ægean and lands on the shores of Macedonia, and as a result the map of the intellectual and spiritual world was re-formed. He changed the front of the civilized world. He brought the message of life to Europe; he conquered where Xerxes failed; he brought it in such a spirit and attitude that it was able to appropriate much of what was left of Greek culture and Greek art; he accomplished what Alexander failed to accomplish; he triumphed where Xenophon's ten thousand failed ignominiously. With one idea he landed at the Piræus, a refugee from his friends and his countrymen; he climbed the Areopagus and witnessed there the evidence of past religiousness and fervor, the monuments of dead or dying inspirations, for Socrates had drunk the hemlock four and a half centuries before this; the great Greek poets and philosophers were all gone; there were abandoned shrines all about him, abandoned of the spirit however preserved in the letter. There, his heart was stirred within him by the evidence of the workings of that power which he came to witness. He said to those restless Athenians, who were clamoring for something new and ready to pursue any fresh agitation: "I perceive that in all things you are very religious; I enter into the devoutness of your traditions. He whom you ignorantly worship I declare unto you the Unknown God. So far as outward form is concerned that altar, which you have erected for the benefit of the nondescript who may find no other shrine to belong to, that altar to the Unknown God, is the altar for our worship."

So the story of Paul goes on. Take the persecutor on his way to Damascus; follow him all the way to Mars Hill, which now in the light of twenty centuries we see was a focal point in the great onward sweep of human life and human history. That day Moses and Socrates met on Mars Hill and each found in Paul a sympathetic spokesman. That day on Mars Hill Asia bowed to Europe as Europe saluted Asia! I cannot follow the story; it is not necessary, for it is our hearthstone inheritance; it is the Christian's birthright to hear much about Paul, to study a little about him, and also to greatly neglect and often misunderstand him.

What do we see in the life of Paul? First, of course, the story of a tireless toiler. Such diligence, such travel, such independence, crowded into thirty years! A missionary career unparalleled in the history of the world. At every step of the way he was confronted by defeat; at every turn he met opposition. From Damascus to Rome he was under suspicion, distrusted by his friends, opposed by his kindred, disputed by his fellow Christians, as we shall see when we come to talk about "Peter, the Sectarian."

Next, we find in Paul a man with marvelous heart capacity. Oh, what a friend Paul was and how just and tender and loving he was with his friends. I love to dwell on this side of his character, and if you read no other chapter in the life of Paul, after hearing this sermon, go home and read the sixteenth chapter of Romans, which, according to the best scholarship, seems to be a misplaced fragment of a lost letter to the Ephesians, for the letter to the Romans on the face of it is a tract, largely doctrinal, sent in advance of the missionary, sent to a people he had never seen and to a city six hundred miles away. But here in this sixteenth chapter we come upon a group of friends, names hard to pronounce, many of them. It is not reasonable to think he had that many personal friends in or of a city where he had never been. It is very probable that just across from Corinth, where he had spent three years in working at his trade, he should have these many friends and that he should open his heart to them in a pastoral letter. He writes:

"I commend to your care our Sister, Phoebe, who helps in the work of the Church at Cenchreae," only six miles away from Corinth, "and I ask you to give her a Christian welcome—one worthy of Christ's people—and to aid her in any matter in which she may need your assistance. She has proved herself a staunch friend to me and to many others." Sister Phoebe was going to Corinth to do a little shopping, to attend to a little business, perhaps, maybe visit an aunt,—no matter what, the great loving heart of Paul went with her, and he says, "Give my greeting to Prisca and Aquila," at whose home he had spent the first eighteen months of his stay at Corinth. Prisca and Aquila were refugees themselves from the persecuting Romans who were just then in a fever of antagonism toward the Jews. He says:

"It is not I alone who thank them, but all the Churches among the Gentiles thank them also. Give my greeting also to the Church that meets at their house, as well as to my dear friend Epænetus, one of the first in Roman Asia to believe in Christ; to Mary, who worked hard for you; to Andronicus and Junias, my countrymen, and once my fellow-prisoners."

He goes on to enumerate those friends:

"To that proved Christian Apelles, and Aristobulus and Herodian, Tryphæna and Tryphosa, my dear friend Persis, for she has done much hard work for the Master; to that eminent Christian, Rufus, and to his mother, who has been a mother to me also; to Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermes, Patrobas, Hermas, and the brothers with them; also to Philologus and Julia, Nereus and his sister, and Olympas, and to all Christ's People who are with them. Greet one another with a sacred kiss. All the Churches of the Christ send you greetings."

What a loving pastoral letter is that from the man who had been hunted and persecuted, and who was wrestling with the theological difficulties involved in the philosophies of his day. Here is a man who had great capacity for human love, an aptitude for friendship.

Then, again, we see in his letters in the most impressive way that Paul was supremely a man in earn-

est. He may have been mistaken. I do not think I understand his theology. If I do I do not accept it. But it was the high zeal, the unquestionable power of a man in earnest, which always triumphs, in spite of error of intellect or mistakes of judgment, if there is back of these the sincerity of a soul aflame with conviction. The world responds to such a spirit and has a welcome for the heart travail of the earnest man. So it was in that fashionable center of Corinth, a city as full of style and fashion as ours at this very time; the city that brought the Greek column, one of the most permanent features in architecture, to its highest development. The "Corinthian" column took the plain column of the simple Greek, fluted it and capped it with a foliated capital, developing it into a thing of elaborate beauty; but it was proverbially a wicked city. Paul in his simplicity and directness penetrated through the dissipations of Corinth and compelled recognition.

It is hard not to make a local application. For we today are aping the superficial life of society and art —heaven save the indignity to art when we use it in that connection—instead of dealing with the profound problems of life with the sincerity that was Paul's.

I was in Wisconsin some days ago and found myself on the crest of a great tide pouring from all directions, of enthusiastic, joyous and bright youths, some with their elders bound for Madison. I found myself seated with an enthusiastic lad from one of the most progressive towns of Wisconsin, full of prosperity and intelligence. The lad filled me full of football lore. But as it was on the eve of an election I thought I would talk to the boy about something of which I knew a little. And I said, "Who are you hurrahing for for Governor?" The boy, with a smile that was pathetic in its innocence, said, "I don't know who is running." And when I labored with the boy he said, "There are eight other fellows in my crowd and I don't believe they know." He went and asked them and came back with a smile of triumph. Not one of those boys knew. One of them did remember that a man by the name of Hull wanted the nomination, but he didn't know who got it. There were two teachers with the boys on the train. So he interviewed the two teachers of the High School of this town in Wisconsin and they did not know who was running. But all of them knew much about football. If we are to judge by the papers as to what are the absorbing questions in the High Schools of Chicago today, two are at the forefront: one, the question of what to do with the Greek letter secret societies, and the other how to manage the latest steps in dancing, whether the "modern dance"—that is the name they give it—is proper in manner. No matter what the merits of these questions may be, I submit that for these young boys, radiant with power and strength, receiving at the hands of the State the means of modern culture, it is a distortion of life to put the amusements and the social amenities over against the great issues of democracy, the great problems of reform, which are always ethical and always fundamental.

In Paul we have at least a man in earnest. Christianity in its organized form is a tribute to Paul's earnestness. But there is more than that in Paul. When Paul met those Greek friends on Mars Hill and they questioned him concerning the Christ, the resurrection and other problems, he may have held the first free religious association conference the world had ever known. He stood there not as a type of the young Jew, but as a citizen of the world. He at least had broken the fetters of a race. He at least had found a position wherein he could say, of Greek and of Jew, "You are all one to me." I myself am proud of my descent. On occasions I conform to the requirements of my inheritance, but let there be no partitions between the children of the Gentile and Jewish worlds in this gospel of brotherhood and love which I preach. Paul was perhaps the first great cosmopolitan. Christianity was still writhing in the fetters of national prejudice. Its best guardians were necessarily of Jewish households, and as we gather from his itinerary he ever first sought his countrymen. He fain would find fellowship among those of his country who like himself had felt the power of the newer thought, but place after place his cosmopolitanism offended his Jewish-Christian brethren. In Corinth he had to shake the dust of the Jewish Synagogue from his feet, and tarried thereafterward "in the house of Justin, one Greek."

One of the greatest contributions perhaps the world has ever received in an organized form is from the Pauline interpretation of Christianity, which is non-creedal, non-racial and non-sectarian. To this day Christianity is fettered by the limitations which the great Jew, Paul, broke and strove to break for others.

And still one thing more. I have said that Paul was a tireless toiler, that he had capacity for great friendship, that he was a man in earnest, coveting a citizenship of the world, and that he worked with enthusiasm to meet the needs of the world as he understood its needs. Still one thing more, which for want of a better name, and I apologize for using a word that is capable of so many interpretations, Paul was a mystic. I mean by that, that he had a sensitive soul, which is the unquestioned mark of all the great seers of history. He believed in the intangible, and was sensitive to things unseen. Words melted into symbols upon his tongue; his logic, like a basket, leaked, but his spirit remained. He interpreted life in terms of the spirit. He measured life by eternity and not by time; and so we find in Paul this paradoxical situation. In the first nine chapters of Romans we find the theology of Paul, find at least the theology of the Pauline movement. It is the happy hunting ground of the theologian. It is full of the favorite texts of the dogmatic Christian. Here we find the words "justification," "regeneration," atonement," "depravity" and "salvation" rendered into terms of thought; and I frankly say, again, if I understand him, I do not follow him.

It is said of John Calvin that out of twenty-five hundred sermons in full and in outline in the files at Geneva, all of them are on texts from Paul, most of them from the book of Romans. All those who are acquainted at all with the theological discussions of the world know that all creeds, the short and longer catechisms, are Pauline. He himself was so much of a mystic that he was very indifferent to the external facts concerning the life of the Nazarene. He boasted that he had never seen him—was not sure but what he had caught a vision of him once. He boasted that he was not dependent upon the disciples at Jerusalem. His words hold the primal con-

ception of the Jews, who for centuries had taught that the Jehovah of the Jews would in due time send the Messiah, who would re-establish his kingdom on the earth. Paul believed, as the orthodox Jew does today, that God once promised to send a Messiah into the world, and he differed only from the present day Jew in believing that the Messiah had come instead of still expecting him across the weary centuries.

In addition to this necessarily theological situation he believed that the sure promises of the prophets of eight hundred years before were to be literally realized; that this Messiah-God was to establish here on the earth his kingdom; and that he who vanished on Calvary leaving his work unfinished, according to Paul's hope and expectation, was to return and finish his task. He was to reappear presently on the clouds to re-establish his reign of righteousness on the earth, shame the wicked and save the few believing souls, those who were prepared for the new régime. The faithful ones were to reconstruct the world on the lines of love, duty and universal brotherhood.

This, as I understand it, is the unmistakable teaching of Paul, and those who still rest in his proof texts and accept his scheme of salvation through this supernatural avenue, consistency requires of them to accept the whole scheme. They are only half saved, according to Paul, unless they believe with the Millerites, the Mormons and the Zionites, and all those who are waiting for the return of the Master, in that Second Coming, which according to the thought of the impetuous Paul was so imminent that he hoped to live to see it come. His first consolation to the dear friends at Corinth was: "Don't be discouraged if some of the faithful die before the Savior comes; he will not forget them."

But in and through this theological scheme of Paul's we find the real secret of his power, which, in spite of its millenial disappointment is still the power of Paul; and that is his forward looking, his high anticipation and magnificent hopes, his undying confidence that truth and love are to triumph. That heart of Paul broke through the mistaken head of Paul. The theology in the first nine chapters in the book of Romans gives way and passes into a secondary place in the presence of the concluding three chapters, which again is a return to the fundamental ethics and appeal to brotherhood, a rebuke to narrowness, a declaration of the triumphant quality of love.

Kaiser, King and Czar who are lifting up their hands to the one Eternal, begging for his co-operation and invoking his benediction, may find justification in the first chapters of Romans; may find justification in the theology of the Christian Church; but they are rebuked and disarmed by the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the immortal hymn of love, which, alongside of the Beatitudes, represent the high water mark in New Testament literature; conquering and immortal as gems in literature, winning and quickening the spirit and satisfying the hunger of the human heart.

So if we go in search of the power of Paul we must climb up out of his limited intellectual vision, his conception of a salvation through some kind of mystic intervention in the heavens, located somewhere and somehow in time and on the earth. The spirit of Paul, the heart of his message, the inclusiveness of it, the cosmopolitanism of it, made stepping-stones of his texts into the land where texts do not count. He climbed out of Judaism by the power of his love and that which released him from the traditions of the temple, that which enabled him to make secondary matters of the rites and ceremonials of Israel, have enabled his true successors to rise up out of the shorter catechism and the longer catechism, to rise above the five-pointed star of John Calvin, to deny the favoritism that would make of heaven a small place for selfish souls, and hell a wide place for the stumbling children of men. So the dogmatists, however sustained by the pious theological texts of the Book of Romans, have been consumed by Paul's love for man; they have been defeated and discounted by his magnificent human spirit, that while careworn, sick and weary, enabled him to remember tenderly Phoebe, Persis and Prisca and the other sisters, and those faithful men who shared his prison cell, those faithful men who traveled the weary lengths of the highlands of northern Asia Minor. O, the story of Paul's humanity is the conquering thing in the world!

What is parodoxical in Paul has been paradoxical all the way down through the centuries. John Calvin is as much an enigma as Paul. He shaped his "Institutes" in a five-pointed star of dogma; but he was also the democratic leader in Geneva; and he reinforced that city and lifted it into a modernity that is still the envy of city builders.

Luther tried hard to fit himself into a doctrinal scheme after he had escaped the trammels of the Roman Church, but his human heart, as we find it in his "Table Talk," in his love for his faithful Katrina and in his splendid humanity and genial nature, is immensely bigger than the Lutheran Church which is organized in his name. The conquering power of love makes all the battleships and cannon, the bayoneted millions, as imbecile as the forces of Xerxes at Thermopylae, and one little bald-headed Jew is stronger than all of them. The day is coming when the marshals of the battle-fields will shrink into dwarfs and finally fade out of the pages of history. Nothing can secure immortality to the representatives of brute force. Nothing is shorter lived than the triumph of kings. Nothing is more deceitful, unreal and transient than armored hosts marching to battle to the music of fife and drum. They are all fighting a losing battle. It is not now pro-German or pro-Britain, it is anti-war wherever waged. Two wrongs never make a right, and no logic of violence can help them in the future. Battle-ships of however heavy construction are reactionary remnants of an outgrown civilization, of an outworn philosophy. The United States today occupies a Pauline opportunity of mastering the armies by love. It represents the interests of the unborn. With the fire of an inward faith it can burn away the cruelties that lie back of every battle-ship, and consume the faithlessness that would fain hang the destinies of God's people, who love truth and liberty, upon cannons and bayonets.

Nations must needs travel the Damascus road and in the solemn hushes of the star-lit night, under the light of midnight moon and desert sands, read their true mission and repent of their wastefulness; then, on bended knees before unborn generations, confess in humility their mistakes, and, like Paul, dedicate themselves as nations to the gospel of love. This

pacific campaign will alone make the United States a lasting power in the world. He who trusts the destiny of nations to battleships and bayonets, is in league with Xerxes and Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, and they are all relegated to the junk heap of history. Isaiah and Jesus, Socrates and Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius and their spiritual disciples who in all times and ages have sung of love and climbed out of national prejudice into world sympathy, they are the beloved of man and blessed of God.

In the power of a conquering love may we go forth to so live that we may hasten the coming of that kingdom of peace on earth and good will among men. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

Something About Mr. B. B. Nagarkar of India

To the Editor of UNITY:

I am sure that many readers of UNITY will remember, and remember with pleasure, Mr. B. B. Nagarkar of Bombay, who gave several interesting addresses at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893, as a representative of the Brahmo Somaj of India.

After the Parliament was over Mr. Nagarkar remained for some months in America, delivering remarkably illuminating lectures in various parts of the country, especially in the West, on subjects connected with the history, literature, religions and life of his native land. Several years later he came again to this country and spent some further months in preaching to Unitarian and other liberal congregations and in lecturing on Indian themes. During each of these visits of his to America it was my privilege to have him with me for some days in Ann Arbor, where I was then located, and where I arranged for an extended series of lectures from him, which drew large audiences both from the University and from the town, and gave great satisfaction to all who heard them. During these visits to this country he not only did much to disseminate correct information about India, and to help the general cause of Liberal Religion in which he was deeply interested, but he also won the personal esteem and friendship of many liberal minded men and women in the various places where he went.

Since Mr. Nagarkar was in America the last time it has been my fortune to make two visits to India in the interest of Liberal Religion,—the first time in the service of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, and the second (last winter) as Billings lecturer of the American Unitarian Association. On reaching India I found no one more interested in the missions upon which I had come than Mr. Nagarkar, or more eager to aid in carrying them out; as also I found no one manifesting a deeper interest in America, and especially in Liberal Religion and its representatives in America, including centrally the honored editor of UNITY, and all others who had been instrumental in creating the remarkable Parliament of Religions in Chicago.

I am writing this letter to UNITY for a specific purpose, namely, with the hope that it may reach the eyes of some man or woman who would like to befriend Mr. Nagarkar now in his honored old age, by bringing one of his sons to America and educating him in one of our universities.

Mr. Nagarkar has a family of eight children, now most of them grown to manhood and womanhood. To all he has given some measure of education, as much as he possibly could, thus doing all in his power to fit them for useful and honorable lives. But the calling of preacher and teacher to which he has devoted his life brings very scant remuneration in India, especially if one's religious message is in advance of the popular thought as Mr. Nagarkar's is. As a result, in the work of supporting and trying to educate his large family of children, he has been obliged to battle with not only hardship but with very severe privation. One of his sons, a bright and earnest youth of about sixteen, with whose conversation and appearance I was greatly pleased, is very desirous of coming to America to train himself to become an electrical engineer, for which calling there are excellent openings in India. The father is still teaching and preaching (for several years has been a professor on a small salary in a Christian college in Nagpur), but he cannot possibly meet the expense of sending his son to America.

Cannot help be found for him in this rich and prosperous country of ours? If the boy, so soon to become a young man, can be brought over here for five or six years of study, and then sent back as a thoroughly trained electrical engineer, the good accomplished will be threefold: India will be benefited; the father will be gratified in the highest degree, and the young man will have a profession which will insure him a good support for life, and also which will enable him to keep his father from penury and suffering in the years, not very far off, when he will no longer be able to teach or preach.

It seems to me that here is an opportunity for generous service that should appeal strongly to many American men and women,—first, of course, to those who remember Mr. Nagarkar, then to many others who have some means and would like to use a part of it to help those who are worthy and in need. Is there not some man or woman, or some family, that would like in a sense to "adopt" this fine, ambitious, promising youth for a term of years, and give him the best possible training for a life of usefulness and influence in India,—at the same time gladdening beyond measure the heart of a talented and self-sacrificing father who has devoted his whole life to doing good?

Mr. Nagarkar is not aware that I am making this appeal in his behalf and that of his son. But I know that if it meets with the success which I hope for, a very heavy load will be lifted from his heart. Persons desiring further information may address me at 423 West 120th Street, New York; or they may write to Professor B. B. Nagarkar, Hyslop College, Nagpur, India.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

New York, April 16, 1915.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIII.
Mark

For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. iii:35.

We hope that the result of these studies will become a part of the unconscious furnishing of our minds, even though we deal with material not generally considered essential for laymen and women. In withholding the conclusions of modern Biblical research many preachers of today justify themselves in the thought that they are afraid such knowledge will affect the main issue, loose the mainstays of the soul, jeopardize religious faith, minimize religious enthusiasm and weaken the ethical content of life. Experience shows the contrary to be true.

Let us remember that in the realm of historical and literary criticism and research the results of study are always presumptive and not demonstrative. Shakespeare cannot be "worked out" as a problem in chemistry or geometry. We will consider today briefly the consensus of opinion among scholars on a matter consisting so largely of research that only an expert can pursue the search to the finish.

We are now to study the biography of the New Testament. The letters we have been considering, written in the 50's and 60's of the first Christian era, grew out of the exigencies of one man's missionary campaigning. They were written for the time, for local uses and represented the beginning of what we call the New Testament Church, but the New Testament Church without a New Testament. The Church had absolutely no literature other than the Jewish literature from which to quote. At first the spirit of the new movement was intensely anticipatory of the new régime to come, a Second Coming that was imminent, which resulted in an indifference to the keeping of any records. But when we get down to the last half of the first century after the crucifixion and nothing had happened, no new revelation received from on high, eye witnesses of the life and death of Jesus had died or were dying, when the movement had gotten away from Jerusalem and was finding its permanent constituency out in Asia Minor, then the Church began to feel the need of historic literature, began to have an anxiety about its records. The majority of its members were non-Jews and did not care much for Jewish traditions and Jewish scripture. Out of this new and growing need, in response to a psychological demand for some historical record, grew the group of books, now ascribed to Mark, Matthew, Luke and the Book of Acts. These were the result of an attempt to put on record that which in previous times had been assumed to be in the minds of the people,—the story of Jesus and the early movement.

The result of the first attempt to write the life of Jesus now left us is in the book of Mark. The three Gospels, Mark, Matthew and Luke, try to tell the same story and work the same material with interesting variations, and are grouped together under the word Synoptic,—the three gospels that hang together, coming from a common root, holding things in common. The Fourth Gospel of John we have to put out of mind, for another fifty years or more elapsed before it was written. It was written from a different standpoint and deals with different material, only ten per cent of which is found in the three books, Mark, Matthew and Luke.

None of the four biographers of Jesus claim the authorship to which they have been assigned. The headlines which you read so confidently in your Bibles, "The Gospel according to Matthew," etc., are not found in the earlier copies, but were added for convenience and remain now after centuries of dogmatic usage.

How did these gospels get into shape and why? The days of Jesus ended in a storm of interest, excitement and agitation. The very man the people had dreaded, the very personality that had been so obnoxious became the subject of town talk, the anxious inquiry of the student and the sincere regret of the right minded everywhere. The manner of his going as well as the attitude of the Jewish mind at the time of his leaving, clinched the thought that had been growing during his life, that here at last was the Messiah. The dream of Judaism had been realized, the promise of the prophets fulfilled. So the believers, the Jews, who were dispersed throughout the "civilized world," then around and near the Mediterranean, were sustained by the conviction that The Christ had made a preliminary visit and that he was coming again. Paul and the little groups he had established were expectant of the Second Coming. But time passed, thirty years and no Messiah appeared. Under such conditions, little or no attention was paid to records. One cannot imagine such a book-worm as Josephus being caught by the idea. It was fully forty years after the execution of Jesus before anything in the shape of records that we now have were found to be in existence. Then, when personal recollections were gone or fast going, there came an anxiety among the wiser to preserve the records.

There is evidence that there was once afloat what has since been lost, a collection of "sayings," maxims, parables, perhaps little sermons, proverbs, written out in Aramaic, the colloquial language of the time, known to scholars as the "Logia," the "sayings" or "words" of Jesus. Possibly they were compiled by Matthew, who seems to have been the scholarly one of the little group of disciples. Besides this there were the oral traditions, handed down by those who had known Mary and Joseph and Jesus. These formed Paul's stock in trade. Mark used the "Logia" and the oral traditions, thus making the first attempt to write the life of Jesus. This was not our present gospel of Mark. The compilations of other writers make it clear that they did not have this narrative in its present form. The so-called "gospel of Mark" in our Bible was written by some one who used the traditions and all first hand documents available.

The so called "Gospel of Matthew," written in Greek, but evidently based on a Hebrew background, contains the material of Mark enriched by the reports of Matthew.

The writer of Luke, the most literary and scholarly document of the four, had before him the "Logia," the Mark and Matthew versions and many traditions which the scholars would gather from Paul and others. We have in Luke some rich and rare material not found in the others, a veritable treasure-house for the parables.

Mark, the earliest of the four Gospels, is the most unsophisticated, blunt, direct, abrupt narrative, apparently having no secondary motive, simply anxious to get the facts in shape, which give it an epic power. This book possibly contains more of the recollections of Peter than any of the rest. Mark gives us no genealogy, no birth stories, no parentage of Jesus, but begins with John the Baptist, who is interesting to this writer simply because he is the fore-runner of the Messiah. He begins in the middle of what we would call today a Revival. Up and down the Lake of Galilee the simple people were all excitement, the community was torn up over a religious revival such as Christianity has been seeing all through the centuries. Perhaps the best analogy is the storm that swept over England in the Wesley days, and if John Wesley could arouse such enthusiasm in the eighteenth century, how much more ripe were conditions in Jerusalem nineteen centuries previous.

The man who led this Revival, as seen in the light of forty years, seemed more remarkable as a healer and physician, than a teacher of morals. We have eleven specific cures and one general clinic in which a great number were cured at one time. Back of this time there was no such thing as scientific medicine, and the priestly office was always combined with the physician's. There is no doubt in the minds of the wise but that moral earnestness and spiritual virility do ameliorate the ills of the flesh, the sufferings of the human. The world is full of miracles in the sense of marvel, of things unprecedented. Every automobile and aeroplane would have been a miracle fifty years ago. But theology assumes the significance of a miracle to be an interference of the established order of things by the power that established it, in order to prove its credentials. It is all right to suspend law, if necessary, but to put the Almighty, the great master of the universe, in such a petty light as to blight a fig tree, or to send a lot of pigs over the bank with the devils that had maimed a man, is unworthy our conception of God. Our children must not be taught that this story is equal to that of the good Samaritan.

There seems to be only four parables given in the book of Mark, and but one peculiar to itself and not found in the other gospels; that is the beautiful parable of The Sower, which has a decided theological intention.

The gospel of Mark falls into three parts. The first thirteen chapters give an account of the Galilean career of the Master; then comes his visit to Jerusalem, his reception: and, lastly, an account of the last week in the city, closing with the story of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection.

There is plenty of evidence that Jesus distrusted and evaded the publicity that followed the campaign, knowing how one must needs discount revival excitement and popular enthusiasm. Several times did he try to escape the crowds. Once he went as far away as Cesarea, Philippi; another time he took a boat and sailed away; and, again, went away off into the woods.

In the eighth chapter we come upon what some people think was the crucial point in the career of Jesus. Dr. Fenn and others hold that up to this time Jesus was simply an agitator, a reformer after the school of John the Baptist, but beset with the clamoring expectation of the Jews it began to dawn on him that his was the Messianic mission. Prof. Schmidt believes that Jesus died conscious only of his sonship of the All Father, to which sonship all men might come through the spiritual and moral reform he tried to lead; that as his life ripened it expanded to that plane where opposition could not crush nor death intimidate. His mission grew, just as the grass and flowers grow, from seed that had in it a reality. Jesus grew in the struggle, out of tribal, racial, local patriotism into the broader cosmopolitanism toward which he was impelled.

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(1) Whence come the headlines of the four Gospels?
(2) Review political and religious conditions in Jerusalem at time of Christ.
(3) What was the Logia?
(4) What were the sources of our present Gospel of Mark?
(5) Contrast briefly the form of Mark and Matthew.
(6) How many parables are found in Mark?

Romola

A Study By DAYTON OGDEN

Read Before the Study Section of the Ann Rutledge Club OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

As one closes this book and sits back to write of "Romola" it seems at first an easy task. Her name gives the story its title. Most of the other numerous characters are simply a part of the background, who do not grow or change, at least, during the progress of the story. In only three of them do we find any appreciable development, and in none of these is the change complex, but may be accounted for in each instance in a single word, viz.: Tito, ambitious selfishness, or selfish ambition; Baldassare, revenge; Brigida, a curious mixture of vanity and religious fear.

It ought, then, to be easy to study the central figure of the story, who stands out so clearly against this setting, and, with reasonable attention to the text, to trace her development throughout the pages. An unusual portion of the book is given to the description of her moods and actions, and one naturally expects to be able to follow the growth of the author's idea.

But to find a central idea or keynote describing the heroine is not so easy as it first appears to be, and one quickly abandons the hope of doing so in a single word or a single sentence. As compared with the three persons above named we cannot say that any definite change in Romola's nature is shown. The story simply unfolds and displays her qualities, which we feel are the same throughout, hidden and unnoticed at first, but brought to view by the narrated events.

We do not see her until she is eighteen—the age of physical and mental maturity in Italy. As compared with the very few other women in the book her early life is most unusual, being completely wrapped up in her blind father. When Tito appears she is a beautiful, modest, affectionate girl, but rather colorless.

Save for her intense devotion to her father, one might even call her cold. It is principally the interest in the others, and the hope of an entertaining courtship that keeps one from yawning at these pages. Her love for Tito is not romantic or passionate, but rather a quiet, intense worship, too strong to be disturbed by the delirious warnings of Fra Luca on his death-bed, or the spectacle of the funeral on the betrothal day.

Her love for and trust in Tito continue after the marriage, unshaken by his growing neglect of her, which she charges to his necessary attendance upon public matters and which she accordingly excuses; nor by her unintended sight of the paintings at Biero's; nor even by the discovery of the mailed shirt. One reason for this is that the changes in Tito did not come abruptly, but by degrees. His weaknesses are constantly growing and carrying him farther away from the ideals she saw in her brilliant husband.

The sale of the library with the events immediately following in its consequence, is the turning point of the story. The shock of this unfaithfulness to her father quenches her love for Tito instantly. For the first and last time she loses her temper,—and quickly recovers it to plan deliberately upon a separate existence for herself.

The incident of her leaving Florence, followed by her meeting with Savanarola is the most dramatic in the book. It is not easy to understand how a woman who has turned her face away from the place where she has experienced such sorrow and bitterness, with such determination, could be swayed by the words of a passing friar, and even after acceding to his logic, how she could retrace her steps and return to the things she had sought to escape. While not detracting from the importance or effect of Savanarola's words, one does not like to think that his eloquence on the simple lessons of duty and self-sacrifice created any change in Romola's nature. Rather, it seems merely to have restored her original high feelings of duty and honor. His words simply interpreted her obligations, and helped her to see her duty in a new light, and to such degree as was necessary inspired her with the courage to meet them.

The remainder of the story, so far as it deals with her, shows the application of these principles, which we feel she had from the beginning, but which were reawakened by the words of the friar. Her importance to the central plot lessens here. Through the last third of the book she only ranks third or fourth in importance to the story, gradually falling back into the elaborate and peculiar background.

It is easy to picture Romola when we first see her. But as the story progresses we find it growing constantly harder to understand her or imagine her appearance. Artists seem to have found the same difficulty, for while the different editions of the book abound with pictures of her as she is seen at the beginning, the later illustrations of her are few, vague and unsatisfactory.

She is not religious, but carries a high sense of honor and duty and an active conscience. She is intelligent, but not intellectual; capable of deep feeling but not emotional. This last characteristic seems to me to deserve the most emphasis. The single occasion of her anger has been noted. The sweetness of her nature is not turned by the trials which beset it, but seems to thrive and grow stronger under them.

I have tried to prepare a comprehensive outline of her characteristics, tabulating them, and discussing their relation and importance, but without success. So far as the story itself is concerned her part is usually a passive one, and despite the detailed exposition of her thoughts and feelings they are too subtle for me to analyze. It is the story of a wonderful woman, written by another wonderful woman, and a man can hardly be expected to do justice to her in such a paper as this.

Even trying my best, I cannot quite imagine Romola as a real flesh and blood woman. The fineness and beauty of her nature are so ethereal that one can only half picture her, as if the light of her own virtues make a halo which surrounds and renders indistinct her features, like some of the paintings of saints in the old Florentine churches.

THE PROTEST OF THE TOILERS.

Our clever and patient hand, my lords, our cunning and our skill,
In the old, old time—your time, my lords—wrought well your wish and will;
And marvels in pyramid, sphinx, and fane, triumphal arch up-reared,
Exploited our art, our labor, our lives, for the power on earth we feared.
We quarried our hearts in the rough-faced stone, we hewed from the mountain side;
We chiseled our souls in the polished shaft that rose to exalt your pride.

We blazoned on your marbled walls
The deeds—our deeds—that gave you fame;
With battle courage slew our kind
'Till you should bear a conqueror's name.

We laid you in your costly tombs,
We wrapped you well with linen bands;
And then we dragged our bones to lie
And whiten on the desert sands.

And what did you give in exchange, my lords, was there no recompense due?
The gifts that the gods had granted to us, we yielded in turn to you;
To our leanness of life what boon, what return did you make that was meet
For the service supreme we rendered, the sacrifice full and complete?

You wrecked the faith by which we lived,
The faith content in which we died;
You made our gods a mockery,
The truths that we had de-ified.

Now, in un-peopled solitudes
They dig amidst the swirling sands,
And trace the ruined tasks that fell
From out our nerveless, hopeless hands.

O rulers of earth, doth the story repeat in these days—your days as then—
To make ye repute, do you drive upon death the bodies and souls of men?
Have you throned the Christ—our simple Christ—on high in your gilded domes,
Yea, given us Mars of the bloody blade for the gentle Christ of our homes?
Though Civilization should lag in her path, with the work of our hands despoiled,
By the God of the masses who toil, 'tis writ your selfish schemes shall be foiled.

Sauk Center, Minn. JULIAN A. DUBOIS.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A WOMAN'S REASONS AGAINST FURTHER ARMAMENT.

The *American Magazine* has been offering prizes for the best letters on the subject, "Shall We Arm?" The publishers announce that the vote stands at the ratio of four in favor of increased armament to five against it. In the May number the prize-winning letters are published. Following is an extract from a strong letter against armament, written by Mary S. Markham of Sioux Falls, South Dakota:

"Shall we arm? My answer is in the eternal motherhood of all nations from an economic point of view.

"For every man that lives a woman has gone through eight hours (I take an average rate) of the most intense and agonizing pain to bring him into the world, spent sleepless months in care and nursing through the days from babyhood to boyhood, helped and stood by him past the measles, mumps and broken bone age, till he becomes a 'big man, of fifteen to eighteen years, when he usually has passed the need of mother's care, and safely reaches maturity, twenty-one years, when he can vote and fight like a man.

"For every one hundred men shot down on the battlefield it means that eight hundred hours or thirty-three days of the most severe suffering has been passed through by women, just to bring them into the world. Fifteen centuries in time have been spent in constant care and devotion to bring those one hundred men to the fighting age, to be shot down. This is only one hundred dead.

"Shall we make ready to kill? Would the economic manufacturer allow that much energy to be thrown away if he was paying two dollars an eight-hour day for it? But that's loss of money! If suffering is not considered, perhaps dollars and cents may talk. Suppose for every man that is killed in battle, women were to demand five dollars a twenty-four hour day for fifteen years, or $27,375 for her work in giving them one man to kill: $27,375,000 for one thousand men killed in one day. Would they still go on killing if it was paid in dollars? Would they still arm ready to kill? I wonder! Nearly twenty-eight-million dollars per thousand to kill them. I wonder! Would they? And that might be for less than a day. Two-hundred million dollars, perhaps, a week. Would they still kill? Would they still arm ready to kill? I wonder! Would they?"

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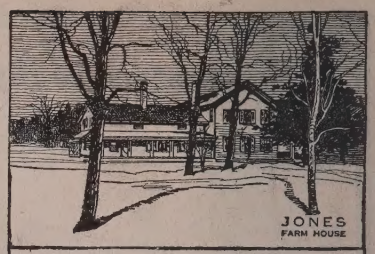

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